

"An' hoos' the guid wife, Sandy!" said one farmer to another, as they met in the market place and exchanged snuff boxes.

"Did ye no hear that she's dead and buried?" said Sandy solemnly.

"Dear me!" exclaimed his friend sympathetically. "Surely it must have been very sudden?"

"Aye, it was sudden," returned Sandy. "Ye see, when she turned ill we hadna time to send for the doctor, sae I gied her a bit pouther that I had lying in my drawer for a year or twa, an' that I had got frae the doctor mysel', but hadna ta'en. What the pouther was I dinna verra weel ken, but she died soon after. It's a sair loss to me, I can assure ye, but it's something to be thankfu' for I didna tak' the pouther mysel'."

An Offering.

It was Saturday night, and he was on his way home. Stepping to the show case in the cigar store he carefully surveyed the goods that were displayed in the boxes.

"Are those three for a quarter?" he asked, pointing out a brand that seemed to please him.

"Yes," said the man behind the counter; "we're making a special sale of them this week. They have always been ten cents straight."

"All right," said the customer, let me have three of them."

A handful of the cigars was laid on the top of the case, and he carefully selected three of them, after which he handed out a half dollar.

The shopkeeper played a little tune upon his cash register and passed back a quarter.

"Say," said the man who had bought the cigars, "can't you give me some smaller change? My wife wants me to go to church with her to-morrow, and I'll need something for the contribution plate. I s'pose I might give up a quarter, but, by George, I have to work hard for every cent I get."

In Memory of Thomas Thetcher.

A Grenadier in the North Regt. of Hants Militia, who died of a violent Fever, contracted by drinking Small Beer when hot, the 12th day of May, 1764. Aged 26 years.

In grateful remembrance of whose universal good will towards his Comrades, this Stone is placed here at their expence, as a small testimony of their regard and concern.

Here sleeps in peace a Hamshire Grenadier. Who caught his death by drinking cold small Beer; Soldiers be wise from this untimely fall, And when yo're hot drink Strong or not at all.

This memorial being decay'd, was restored by the Officers of the Garrison, A. D. 1781.

An honest Soldier never is forgot Whether he die by Mufket or by Pot.

This Stone was placed by the North Hants Militia, when disembodied at Winchester, on 26th April, 1802, in consequence of the original Stone being destroyed.

The Health Food Man.

His eyes are balls of polished steel,
His lungs are sponges dried;
His blood is bouillon-concentrate
In veins of leather hide.

His muscles creak like pulley ropes
When hurried into play;
His hair is like piano chords—
Some chords are lost, they say.

His heart's a little globe of punk—
A house of constant gloom.
For love can never burn within,
Because there isn't room.

His appetite has dwindled down
To fit his little food.
Till fruit is "water in a poke"
And bread is "so much wood."

Hot apple tarts and pumpkin pies—
He reads of them aghast;
And waffles brown and chicken stew
Are "terrors of the past."

And, smiling from his vest he slips
A tiny box of tin;
With capsules brown and pellets pink
All rattling within.

Then with a gulp he swallows down
His dinner from the can—
This produce of the health-food school.
This concentrated man.

Near a small prohibition town in North Mississippi, there lives a man by the name of Perry, who is a confirmed drunkard. He is, however, a very intellectual man, uses splendid language, and seems never to want for words with which to make a prompt and appropriate reply to any question. Mr. Perry always gets drunk when he comes to town, sometimes on whiskey, and as often on Jamaica ginger, in fact any old patent medicine. His ability to procure the wherewith to get drunk is positively marvelous. When the "regular drinkers" of the town run out of something to drink, Mr. Perry has been known to "blow them off," as he expresses it. Every spring it is the custom in this section of the country to summon all who are supposed to know anything about the sale of liquor before the Grand Jury, for the purpose of finding true bills against and indicting the violators. Mr. Perry is one of the unfortunates every year as he terms it, "to be pumped." About two weeks ago he was summoned, and after having been sworn, the judge, after a few preliminary questions, asked:

"Mr. Perry, how is it that you are always able to get whiskey in this town when no one else can?"

Mr. Perry, who was then about half drunk, straightened himself in the chair, and pointing to the judge, promptly and solemnly replied:

"Judge, only carnal minds can discern spiritual things."

Mr. Perry was forthwith excused.

Would Try Glasgow First.

A poor Scotchwoman lay dying, and her husband sat by her bedside. After a time the wife took her husband's hand and said:

"John, we're going to part. I have been a gude wife to you, haven't I?"

John thought a moment.
"Well, just middling like, Jenny, you know," anxious not to say too much.

Again the wife spoke:
"John," she said faintly, "ye maun promise to bury me in the auld kirkyard at Str'avon beside my mither. I could na rest in peace among unco' folk in the dirt and smoke o' Glasgow."

"Weel, weel, Jenny, my woman," said John, soothingly, "we'll just try ye in Glasgie first, an' gin ye dinna be quiet we'll try ye in Str'avon."

Not the Honey He Wanted.

Hotel Waiter Embarrassed the Guest by His Unlooked for Reply.

Frank Anderson was for years a well known commercial traveler who regularly visited Galena, Kan. He was passionately fond of honey, and the proprietor of the Galena hotel at which he always stopped, always had some on hand for him. On one trip Anderson took his wife along and as he approached Galena he mentioned to her that he was getting to a place where he could have honey. When the pair were sitting at the supper table that night no honey appeared and Anderson said sharply to the head waiter: "Where is my honey?"

The waiter smiled and said, "You mean the little black-haired one? Oh, she don't work here now."

And Anderson never did get it fixed up satisfactorily with his wife.

A Dream of Bliss.

Last night I dreamed of a land so fair.

Where the streams were Bartholomay beer,
Where fountains of rickies shot up in the air,
And everything else was queer.

Wide brooks of gin fizzes on every hand,
Great lakes of cold Rhine wine,
And pumps spouting cocktails to beat the band
For the thirsty ones standing in line.

Creme de menthe swamps of a lovely green
With islands of fine cracked ice,
Such a sight was ne'er before seen;
Ah! but that dream was nice!

Mint juleps in puddles filled the streets,
The gutters were filled with booze.
In which tired hoboes soaked their feet
While enjoying a heavenly snooze.

Champagne flowed freely from fire plugs
In bubbly streams with a hiss,
And white wings drank it from deep stone jugs,
Ah! such a dream of bliss.

High balls galore rolled about on the ground,
And were chased by a thirsty crowd,
While the paralyzed grafters hanging around
In bibulous glee shouted loud.

The 25th Anniversary of the Foundation of the Temple.

Day after day I overthrow the Past;
Against her pit my bravest and my best—
Outweary her with Work, subdue with Jest;
With Joy as captain, send her fleeing fast;
With Time as chief, leave her for dead at last.

ANCIENT ARABIC ORDER OF THE NOBLES OF THE MYSTIC SHRINE.

AL KORAN TEMPLE of Cleveland, Ohio.

ILLUSTRIOUS NOBLE, ATTEND:

Nahar el Etnin, Eighth Day, Seventh Month, Hejra 1319,

RAJAB.

ANSWERING TO

Monday, October 21, 1901, Three o'clock P. M.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

SOLEMN CELEBRATION!

LEYLET EL MIARAG.

MOHAMMED'S VISIT TO THE HEAVENS.

ILLUMINATED MOSQUES.

BRILLIANT MINARETS.

THE THIRTY SECTIONS.

DEVOTIONAL CEREMONIES.

NUMEROUS ZIKERS.

NARRATIVE OF THE NIGHT JOURNEY.

*** TRADITIONAL BANQUET ***

NEVILLE S. HARRIS,

Assistant Recorder.

Masonic Temple.

SAM. BRIGGS,

Potentate and Recorder.

Masonic Temple.

Who have been furnished with petitions are advised that they must report at the Recorder's Office, Masonic Temple, at 2.30 p. m. sharp, that the caravan may not be unnecessarily delayed.

THE ELECT

Who have been furnished with petitions and who have been notified of previous observances and have not appeared, are advised that the *present ceremonial* will be their *last chance* unless a plausible excuse is given. Any petition filed with Recorder immediately after receipt holds an election for one year.

AN EVENING'S DIVERSION

Will follow the reception and banquet, the details of which will be made known at the *post*.

THE OFFICERS will assemble with the Working Corps and Arab Patrol at 12.30 p. m. sharp, October 21st, for communion and prayer.

On this Anniversary the Temple will be inspected by the Illustrious Imperial Oriental Guide of the Imperial Council, NOBLE ALVAH P. CLAYTON, of MOILA TEMPLE, St. Joseph, Mo.

An Official Visit will also be made by the ILLUSTRIOUS IMPERIAL POTENTATE for North America, NOBLE PHILIP C. SHAFFER, of LULU TEMPLE, Philadelphia, Pa.

Other Dignitaries of the IMPERIAL COUNCIL will be present, and an invitation has been extended to all PAST IMPERIAL POTENTATES, and Potentates and other officials of Subordinate Temples to grace this occasion with their attendance.

THE WIDOW'S FUND,

to which your attention has been previously directed, is again called to your notice. Its merit as a measure of prompt relief after the visit of the "Black Camel" needs no commendation at this time. This fund now includes over 500 subscribers. For the benefit of those who may not know the scope of this charitable design, we state that the sum of \$2.20 creates any Noble of Al Koran Temple a member. A sum equal to one (1) dollar for each subscriber is held in reserve in case two (2) deaths should occur close together, and the other dollar multiplied by the number of members is paid to the beneficiary of a deceased member, immediately notice of death is filed with the Secretary.

At each decease another assessment is made upon the survivors for \$1.10 to replenish the fund. The extra ten (10) cents is supposed to cover the cost of assessment and collection.

The membership in this organization should be increased to more than double its present status. It is a worthy institution and its operation places ready money in the hands of the beneficiary at a time when funds are most required.

Send remittances or letters of inquiry to

NEVILLE S. HARRIS, Sec'y,
Masonic Temple, Cleveland, O.

The musical features of this celebration will be on a grand scale, and under the directions of Nobles William B. Colson, Emil Ring, James W. Juengling. The TEMPLE and WAGNER QUARTETS, with a select chorus from the CLEVELAND GESANG-VEREIN will furnish the vocal music. The instrumental overtures will be given by the orchestra of the GREAT WESTERN BAND, under the supervision of Noble William W. Nixon.

He Distributed Her Cards.

A young married lady has just acquired a new coach and a new footman to match, relates the Scotch American.

"John," she said one day, "we will drive out to make a few calls, but I shan't get out of the carriage; you will, therefore, take the cards that are on my dressing table and leave one of them at each house we stop at."

"Very good, ma'am," answered John, and he ran upstairs to fetch the cards.

After they had driven about a considerable time, and cards had been left at a large number of houses, the lady remarked: "Now we must call on the Dales, the Fromptons and the Clarks."

"We can't do it," here broke in the footman, in alarm; "I've only the ace of spades and the ten of clubs left!"

Sister Binger's Faith.

"I've knowed lots o' people who was steadfast in the faith," said Deacon Blimber, "but I never run ag'in' any one whose faith was so unwaverin' as ol' Sister Binger's. There had been a long, dry spell, and the dominie set aside a Sunday at the meetin' house for us to pray for rain—for rain to come at once and plenny of it. I was on my way to the meetin', and I see Sister Binger sittin' on the porch."

"Why, Sister," says I, "ain't you goin' to meetin' to help pray for rain?"

"No, Deacon," says she, "I hain't got no umbrella to come home with!"

"Talk about faith that moved mountains!"

Inactivity.

So strong a castle I will build

No foe can me assail,

And I will put aside my sword

And put aside my mail.

All days I'll muse in gardens fair,

All nights I'll dream, content;

And happiness shall dwell with me

And eke good merriment.

I did as I decreed, oh!

And laughed at my five jest,

When lo! there sate at my right hand

An uninvited guest.

His face was wan, his hands were bone,

And they were nothing more;

I fled into the world again

And left me wide the door.

I rushed into the battlefield,

I sought the thickest fray;

In my small tent that very night

The speechless stranger lay.

I cursed the hours that gave him power

To ever follow me;

I prayed that by the morrow's eve

I might again be free.

And thus it was I gained the front,

And, where you found me, fell;

Lift up my head. To die, forsooth,

Will be to quit one hell.

The paradise I build—fades;

I kiss my scourging rods;

To feel life slip is to my lip

The nectar of the gods!

Why He Did Not Shiver.

A rather amusing dialogue which took place between a former Governor General of Canada and an Indian, aptly illustrates the red man's wit. His Excellency, while enjoying a drive in the keen, frosty air, chanced to meet an Indian who was, as usual, very lightly clad. From mere curiosity, he stopped the sleigh when opposite the Indian, and asked him how it was he could withstand the cold under so light a covering. The Indian, without a moment's hesitation, answered Irishlike, by asking: "How your face not cold?" Thereupon His Excellency laboriously proceeded to explain in his simplest English how it was that the skin of his face having been exposed to the weather always, it naturally had hardened. The Indian awaited the conclusion of the dissertation with stoical patience, then, with an utterly expressionless countenance, he said: "Me all face," and went his way.

A Ballad in "G."

1

A man with a marvelous mug
Rode out of Fort Scott on a nag
He carried a jug in a bag
And many and many a swig
Reposed in that corpulent jug
And a cob fitted in as a plug
As snug as a snag in a bog.

The nag had a wiggly jig
Which churned up the jag in the jug
And along by its side went a dog
Which jiggled along in a jog
With a narrative shaggy and sag
Which he wearily warily wug.

O! that jig, and that jog, and that jag—
O! that jog, and that jag and that jug.

2

The man shouted "whoa"—to the nag
Then took out the jug from the bag
Then took out the plug from the jug
And then from the jug took a jag
A terrible, horrible jag
Which acted as quick as a drug.

He shouted "yip-yip" to the nag
And dug in his heels with a dig
And the nag who would never renig
Sprang off with the speed of a stag
Then the man with the marvelous mug
Began a vociferous brag.

"Whoo-pee—I'm a bird on a crag
I'm a thief, and a wolf, and a thug
I'm a bug-eater hunting a bug
O, I can hold more than a kag
And I have boodle and swag
That say that my grave don't get dug."

3

To the front with a yelp went the dog—
And—shouting "yip-yip" to the nag—
Pell-mell with the jug and the bag
Went the man with the marvelous mug
And there in the road lay a hog
As still as a bump on a log.

Then down in a pile went the nag
And the dog and the hog and the jug
And that was the end of the hog
And that was the end of the dog
And vain were his efforts to wag
The narrative previously wug
And limber and limp as a rag
In a wad on his lug lay the nag.

4

And then the man with the marvelous mug
Rolled up like a cavalry flag
Done up like a family rug
Lay there with his head in the bag
And twenty feet off stood the jug—
The opulent, corpulent jug—
Unharm'd, while the loyal cob plug
Held down what was left of the jug.

And this is the song of the jag
And the jug, and the jog, and the jig
And this is the song of the nag
Of the nag that would never renig
And the dog, and the hog, and the bag—
A song of the swag and the swig.

Good Boy.

A story is told about a not very promising son of an anxious parent or two, who had been employed at board in a store for about six months. Parent writes to head of the concern, asking how boy gets along; if he is good, and if he sleeps in the store. Head of the concern writes briefly: "Boy as good as ever. Sleeps in the store day times; don't know where in thunder he sleeps at night."

Which One.

In a certain city, the wife of one of the city fathers presented her husband with three children at a birth. The delighted father took his little daughter, four years old, to see her new relations. She looked at the diminutive little beings a few moments, when turning to her father, she inquired, "Pa, which one are you going to keep?"